

THE STUDENT PEN

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL
Volume LII MARCH 1968 Number 3

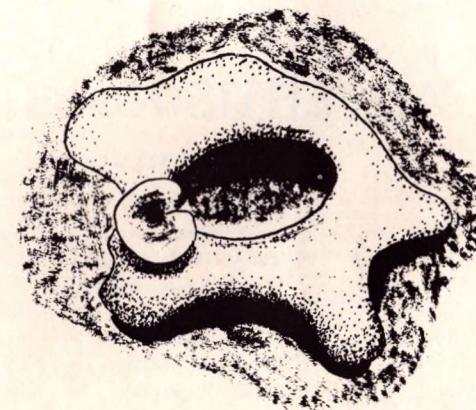
THE STUDENT'S PEN

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Volume LII

MARCH 1968

Number 3



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ANDY CAPP — PHILOSOPHER

IF ONE COULD put any stock in comic strips as social commentaries, one would have to laud Andy Capp as a modern philosopher. One day in February, I opened the *Eagle*, looking for inspiration for a comment on the theme "Of Other Worlds." Andy Capp provided that inspiration. "Yer should start thinking outwards . . . try an' make one person 'appy each day . . . even if it's just yerself!" he said. As facetious as the strip seemed at the time, it made a point that should be taken to heart by everyone.

Too many of us think only of "Number One"—ourselves. Andy Capp's message calls for expansion of our concern. We must broaden our interests—past ourselves to others—to new worlds. These new worlds hold a store of experiences and interests that may be unknown to us. If we remain in our own isolated worlds, we will miss out on these new experiences.

One of man's favorite roles is that of adventurer; as a child he dreams of exploring strange lands and discovering new planets. As a man, he dreams of creating some boon to mankind or making some daring new breakthrough in science or business. But man does not have to limit his exploration to frontiers or inventions—he can find just as much adventure and satisfaction in making new friends and discovering new ideas.

Maybe his brother knows about Vietnam both politically and socially; he himself may know little. The man down the street may be a campaigner for civil rights; his opinions may be one-sided,

but they are knowledgeable just the same. His daughter may provide for him the opinions of youth on every subject; she may be wrong by his standards, but he will profit from the greater understanding of his daughter. Even the four-year-old next door could teach him something about the thoughts and feelings of little children.

Too many people limit themselves in friendships and acquaintances for social or professional reasons, or merely out of a lack of interest. They think that a lawyer need not befriend the custodian of his building, because such a friendship could have no worth for the lawyer. Urban office workers feel no compulsion to communicate with rural dwellers except to bargain for vegetables or eggs. Parents and their children have developed a rift in their communications, a rift based on self-pride and misunderstanding. This type of self-interest may lead to a lack of communications among many individuals or groups, and lack of communication may lead to lapses in understanding. On a large scale, lapses in understanding may cause disputes and conflict among factions or even nations. To declare that dispelling self-interest in individuals would settle the world's peace problems is extreme. But who can say it *would not work*?

Andy Capp made a good point that day last month—" . . . start thinking outwards . . ." If an open mind and expansion of personal relationships is not the solution for the *world's* problems, it just might be the solution for your own. And after all, the one person you make happy each day can be "just yerself."

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IN DEFENSE OF

ONE OF THE most frequently heard criticisms leveled at student publications is, "Well, it's nice, but the kids should keep to things that they know about." These people point out that the writers just haven't lived long enough or seen enough of the world yet to allow them to write about the subjects that they often choose. They are also quick to mention that the students should not write about experiences that they themselves have not undergone. The critics who feel this way have had some support from certain traditional literary concepts which expressed the same thoughts.

It must be quickly added, however, that these literary rules have been successfully violated a number of times, and not just in recent years. Probably the best example of an exception to these rules can be found in the works of the Bronte sisters. Their books have been credited as being some of the best in English literature. But the sisters formed most of the characters and plots as a game during their sheltered and dull childhood. The Bronte sisters made use of the surrounding countryside and their imaginations, and, armed with this, they were able to create worlds out of which powerful stories like *Wuthering Heights* emerged.

Of course, part or all of most stories are brought to life from the depths of the mind. But how can a writer experience enough to allow him to write about things with any authenticity? One way is by learning to relate one experience to others of similar nature. If a person has ever been very sick, he can apply his memories to a description of someone violently ill or dying and achieve a fairly vivid scene.

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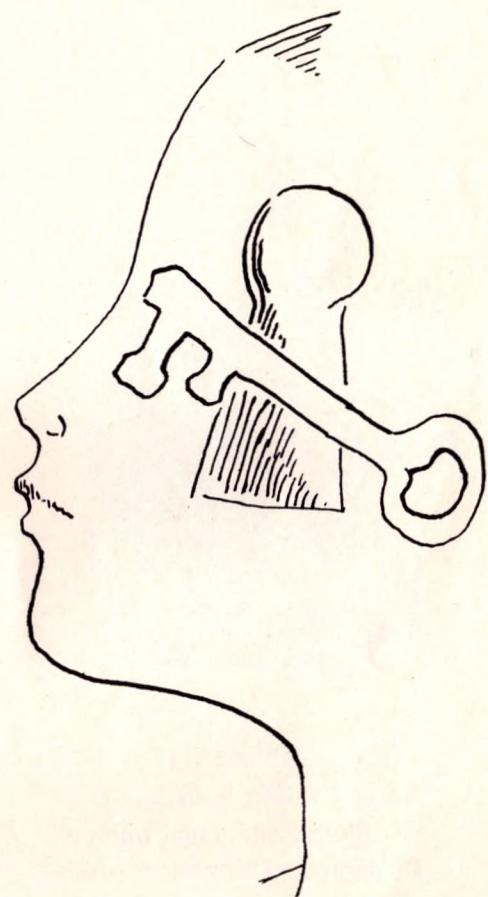
SLITHY TOVES

By William Levy, '68

One can also learn from others. There are numerous reports and essays on almost any subject, and there is little effort required to research a topic to acquire the necessary knowledge. Even, scientists make the most of this method. While it may be preferable to carry out all the experiments which have helped to build the knowledge in an area, a scientist can often save hours or days or years by reading the reports of other scientists who have made discoveries leading to the experiment which this particular scientist is doing. The writer must also make liberal use of what previous people have seen and done.

The area where student publications are most open to attack is in technique of the writers. Very often young writers resort to overly descriptive, and thus less effective, paragraphs, and many editorials may seem somewhat naive or idealistic. But there are also some which are remarkably well written, and these justify the existence of student publications. People who become upset when they find that the young seem to think that they were the first to discover things like love, desire for peace, or even things like drugs and alcohol, must remember that in a way they did. The mere fact that these things have been known for thousands of years does not contradict this statement. Discovery is a personal experience, and each person's discovery of something, no matter how well known, is as if this thing were being first introduced to the world.

That which comes from the other side of the mind is sacred, and the very existence of the realm of the imagination is justification enough for the life of student publications.



Haiku

In the springtide flood
One white lily floats—unseen;
To finally drown.

By Sallie R. Allison, '68

**Anger**

A beast within lurks,
Snarling in cold, cruel wind.
Its dampness pierces.

By Brenna Louzin, '68

Snowfall

Glaring into night
Street lights change to misty glow
As the snow descends.

By Paula Carnevale, '68

Uncertain Love

Like the cold sparkle
In dark clouds, your glance or smile
Makes my mind flicker.

By Laurie Kirby, '68

Enterprise

It's below the realm of consciousness,
Beyond a man's perception.
But in the deepest caverns of his mind
He knows that it exists;
An "anti-matter" Universe,
A busy, buzzing sub-space void
With whizzing, whirling whole new
Worlds.

And captured for a moment in his own
Imagination
He vows that what his mind conceives
His hands shall make for him.

Now desperately he wishes to join in that
Existence,
And to this man it matters,
It matters very much,
That his inner mind's infinity
Shall become Reality.

By Carl Greenberg, '69

whose world

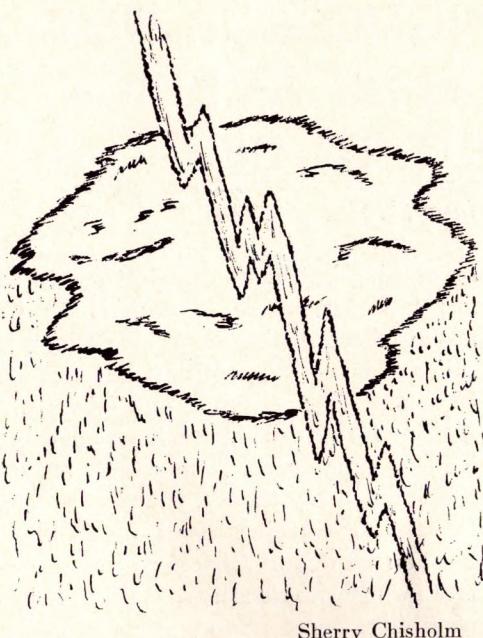
electrifying
incredible thoughts do churn
beautification

by jennifer douglas, '70

World of Terror

Over and over the word is repeated
Darkness prevails
Fire engulfs a helpless victim
I writhe with pain
Fiery eyes chase me
Into a ring of endless circles
Run, run, run
Faster
A shriek cuts the dull air
Of a sleepless night

By Karen Downey, '68

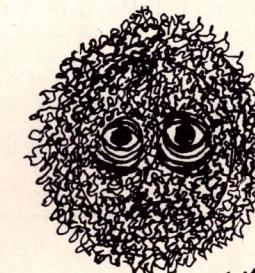


Sherry Chisholm

Thunderstorm

In the sudden storm
Thunder cracking breaks the tone
Of the pelting rain.

By Donna Walsh, '68



sue Hardisty

Escape

Moonlight danced across the lawn;
Fireflies flitted, but now they're gone.
Sweet songs sang themselves for me
And golden grass grew round the tree.

Fantasy took me from my sleep.
We capered in the realm of night.
Such wild company would we keep
'Til the dawn of morning light.

The light is here, but it's cold and dark.
No memories may leave their mark
Upon my heart, now readied for routine.
Life is here; our dreams are never seen.

By Carol Pepperman, '69

insomnia

insomnia paints
deep circles beneath the
fat-faced moon's gray eyes.

by judy quillard, '68

whose land

narrow boundaries split
land of inequality
differences arise

by jennifer douglas, '70

EFFECTIVE NOTHINGNESS IS NOT AS DIFFICULT AS MISS AMERICA MAKES IT OUT TO BE

By Richard Levinson, '70

FOR SEVERAL YEARS, we have been the victims of those who, although considered quite sane, have consistently preached that failure to communicate will destroy the world. IDIOCY! SHEER POPPYCOCK!! OH SCORN ON THEM!!!! It is only failure to communicate that can save our world.

If we could say nothing but not make it sound like nothing, instead make this same nothing sound like something rather than nothing with nothing but the slightest effort, now that would be something that would

be nothing but of the greatest use to us all; however, there is nothing to be proud of concerning something which is said and is really something, but is made to sound like nothing and obviously nothing is said when in reality something is being expounded. (This clearly proves the value of my theory. Many of you at this time may think that I am an idiot, but you aren't sure, therefore you formulate no definite decisions, making it impossible to make a wrong decision.)

Let me present another example. It was recently discovered that the federal government was being charged 26.932 cents per paper clip. Granted, they were a heavy duty type clip, but nevertheless many thought the price was a trifle high. When it was discovered that the three suppliers charged exactly the same price, the roof fell in. Price-fixing hearings were initiated and the three suspects were subpoenaed. The first witness unfortunately panicked under the pressure and stated that he had simply set his price, and the other two, out of an amazing coincidence, had set the same fee. No one

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can say for sure what became of this nice young man. The second man expounded for several hours, quoting from *Julius Caesar*, drawing comparsions between Mr. Shakespeare's literature and his innocence. The legislators were impressed, but the impression wore off quickly. He is scheduled to be released from the Federal Penitentiary at Danemorra within the decade.

The hero of this little tale was an honor graduate from the school of which I speak. When asked if he was guilty of price-fixing, he replied, and I quote, "Gentlemen, I love my mother and the flag, and everyone knows that a rolling stone gathers no moss and since the wheels of my deisel powered Piper Cub move in a radius of 37.46, it is obvious that I could not possibly be guilty of this heinous crime of which I am accused."

The senators were stunned at this simple logic and adjourned to consider it. Unfortunately the witness was kidnapped that evening, and since the ransom was never paid, he has been living a life of luxury in Brazil supported only by his Social Security benefits which are mailed to him monthly.

By failing to communicate, this bright young man saved himself. If you do not emulate him, only you and the world will suffer, for failure to fail to communicate has been known to cause many embarrassing situations, such as World War II.

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Fear not! I will help you. Being a man of actions rather than words, I have already set up a program in which the student can participate either by attending the weekly classes, called 'bull sessions', or by correspondence. Applications for this course can be found on the side panel of cans of Mother Gruntz's Creamed Liver at your favorite supermarket or are available at the take-home counter of the school cafeteria. Admittedly the price is high, but after all, one does not save the world out of the goodness of his heart; that much of a humanitarian I am not. Join me now, and together we will save the world!

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UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYES OF CHOC MOOL

By Julie Dubro, '68



Julie Dubro

SOMEWHERE, tucked away in the dense, humid jungles of the Yucatan peninsula of Mexico, are the ancient ruins of Chichen Itza. What went on here can only be guessed from the paintings, carvings, and buildings left us by the Mayan Indians. Fortunately, these remnants from another time are extremely plentiful. There are perhaps 20 buildings uncovered and restored, and at least 400 stone and rubble temples yet to be freed of their 600 year's growth of jungle.

One unusual aspect of this complex of buildings is that they were never used to live in; their chief purpose was ceremonial. The Mayans were a very superstitious people, who believed that when the sun went down at night, it was being swallowed up. Naturally, in this situation, the only logical thing for them to do was to sacrifice a person so his soul

could go hunt for the sun and bring it up in the morning. Every thing in the complex, except the observatory, was connected with the ritual of sacrifice.

Perhaps the most important place of all is the temple of the warriors, where the sacrifice was performed. At the base of the steps, surrounded by columns, was the chopping where the sacrifice was made and the person's heart was cut out, still beating. Then the heart was rushed up the steps of the temple and placed in the lap of Choc Mool, the reclining stone figure who received the warm hearts in his lap.

Choc Mool's position at the top of the temple steps, commands a very complete and impressive view of the Chichen Itza ruins. He endlessly gazes across to the ball court, where a difficult variation of soccer was played, about every seven years (incidentally, the captain of the losing team was beheaded, as a reward, which might explain the infrequency of the game).

Beside the ball court is one of the priest's houses, which were very impres-

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sive indeed. Skipping over the "graveyard" (actually a repository for the remains of the cremated sacrifices) and the sacrificial well (just for leap year virgins), perhaps the most impressive structure of all is "El Castillo", "The Castle", the highest of all Mayan pyramids. This is a four-sided pyramid with the number of steps on each side adding up to 365 (same as the number of days in a year, you know). The Mayans worked on a solar calendar, and their observatory is constructed in basically the same way as Stonehenge, measuring the change of light from one season to the next, and keeping track of the days. No real purpose has been attached to the pyramid Castillo, but it also gives a splendid view of the surroundings, even the observatory, which is about a mile away.

Don't think that all the Mayans did was kill people. Their walls are decorated with some of the most beautiful and delicate and colorful painting and carving seen in any of the primitive Indians.

Well, there sits Choc Mool, and there he will sit for who knows how long, gazing out at some of the world's earliest mathematical and engineering wonders. For those who may find this particularly ghoulish reading, try to understand that this was part of their lives, and that once you are exposed to something long enough, it loses its novelty. Anyway, it's no skin off your sacrifice . . .

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**RETURN LBJ
(TO TEXAS)**

By R. Carter Terenzini, '68

IN THE LAST issue an analysis of the candidates for the GOP presidential nomination was offered. As things stand now, Nixon or Rockefeller will run with Reagan as the GOP hopefuls.

The issues in the forthcoming election are very clearcut. Johnson entered the presidency with the good wishes of the country as a whole. His actions during the time of the assassination seemed to be those of a great leader. However, time has proven otherwise. Under the leadership of President Johnson our economy has become an inflationary one. This last year saw the lowest balance of trade in the past eleven. Remember the election of '64? Goldwater was blasted as a bigot and a racist. Yet, during the reign of "King" Lyndon this country was rocked by riots and mob violence, the likes of which it had never seen before.

Perhaps one of the biggest issues is our involvement overseas. In '64 LBJ professed a desire to keep our actions limited and was shocked by the belief that we would have to become involved on a huge scale in order to stem the red tide. We then had 25,000 troops there. LBJ hasn't escalated much. From 25,000 to 500,000 is only an increase of 2,000%. Looks like the shock has worn off. Let's see, what else of interest has happened. Oh yes, the powerful nation of North Korea seized a ship called the Pueblo. Too bad they were more powerful than we or we could have gotten it back. At the time this was written they had had the ship for a week. Made you stop worrying about Vietnam and unite behind the president though, didn't it? Very convenient.

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That was just a very brief review of the reasons why a voter should return LBJ to Texas. A proper review of all the brilliant advances made during the Great Society would fill a volume of "Bad Mistakes". However, the GOP is going to take the election on many of the following reasons:

Vietnam—The people of this country want out. They are divided on how to do it, but they want out. Johnson has escalated the war at a terrifying rate with no results. The people want results and LBJ has not given these to them.

Economy—The boogeyman is inflation. LBJ blames the ills of the economy on inflation. In Vietnam we spend \$67,000,000 each day and the amount is increasing. Our gold supply is being drained by other countries. We spend more money abroad than is spent here. Our President proposes a budget with a 22 billion dollar deficit to finance the Great Society. The people want economic security and Johnson has given them chaos. He ignores spending and claims a tax increase will cure the ills of the economy.

Crime—Johnson campaigned as the champion of the Negro. Yet they burned, looted and murdered during the past summers. In reaction he called for 100 additional FBI members and new laws. You can't circumvent the problem; you've got to attack it. Johnson has done just this.

Truth—Since LBJ entered the presidency, the American people have been barraged by half truths and conflicting stories to a point that they no longer believe anything the administration says. It's called the credibility gap. Whatever you call it, it's there.

Thus, we can see that the voters should return LBJ to Texas. The American people are tired of the Great Society. All they want is to have faith in the government and to be politically and economically secure. When you think of the voting machine, think GOP—the Grand Opportunity for a Peaceful and good society.

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THE AARDVARKS

By William Levy, '68

ALBERT PEERED THROUGH the shutters of the window he had just finished boarding. Aardvarks had been forming groups all day, and the green of the forest foliage was totally blotted out by the brown and black of their fur. Albert shook off a shudder of fear and proceeded to finish sealing off the last window. Greatly relieved, he placed his hammer on the coffee table and relaxed slightly. All the windows were now shut tight, and the doors were heavy enough to bear any of the vicious attacks the aardvarks might make on them. Now, if he could only be sure that they would not get into the cellar. He decided that he had better warn everyone about going near the door to the basement.

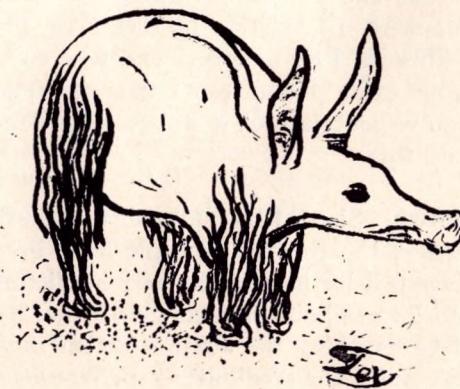
As he entered the room, however, the commotion made him forget his warning. His mother Agnes was arguing with his daughter Sylvia. A friend of Albert's, a socialite named Elma, had given Sylvia a pair of pet anteaters for her birthday, and Sylvia wanted to bring them in from the garage and keep them with the rest of the family. Agnes was screaming that the pets were just like the vicious aardvarks outside and shouldn't be brought into the house. Elma, who had stayed for the night, was sitting silently in a chair in the corner, armed with an ash tray to ward off any animals that might manage to penetrate the home. She made no sign of helping Albert end the fight. Finally, Albert was forced to break in and tell both his mother and daughter to be quiet.

For a while, everyone sat silently, waiting for the inevitable attack. Albert began to remember all the events that

had led up to this night. What fools everyone had been! No one would believe him when he had first forecast the aardvarks' violent uprising. Only yesterday, an aardvark had run across the path to the house just as Elma was carrying the pet anteaters up from the car. The vicious little animal had stepped on poor Elma's foot, severly injuring it. And last night, while everyone was peacefully sitting around the living room, thousands of aardvarks had broken in and forced the humans to retreat behind locked doors of the bathroom. Albert looked down at the rug; there was still hair left in the carpet.

But it had not been until today that the aardvarks had really begun to make their intentions known. They had staged their first attack during Sylvia's birthday party. Later they struck at the school and all around the now hysterical city of Aalst . . .

Meanwhile, Agnes had turned on the radio, and the voice of a news commentator interrupted Albert's thoughts. "The mass migration of aardvarks from their natural habitat in Africa has been



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noted for the past few days. They have been seen by reconnaissance planes in large herds near the town of Aalborg, Aalst, Aachen, and around the headquarters of various agencies including the A.A.A., the AAA, the A.A.A.L., the A.A.A.S., the A.A.P.S.S., and various air fields of the A.A.F. The New York offices of the A.A.E. have already been overrun, and aardvarks have completely drained the river Aar. The only similarity between all the victims of the aardvark rampage seems to be that they all come before *aardvark* in the dictionary. Further news at eleven . . ."

Albert switched off the radio. The noises of the aardvarks were becoming louder. He picked up a baseball bat and waited . . .

Jokes

Little Jimmy came home from school sobbing, "Mother," he cried. "All the kids say I look like a monkey."

"Shut up," Mother ordered, "And comb your face."

Jerry called on a famous surgeon and told him that he had received a beautiful set of cuff links for Christmas but did not own a single shirt with French cuffs.

"Why come to a surgeon?" the doctor asked.

"I'd like to get my wrists pierced," Jerry replied.

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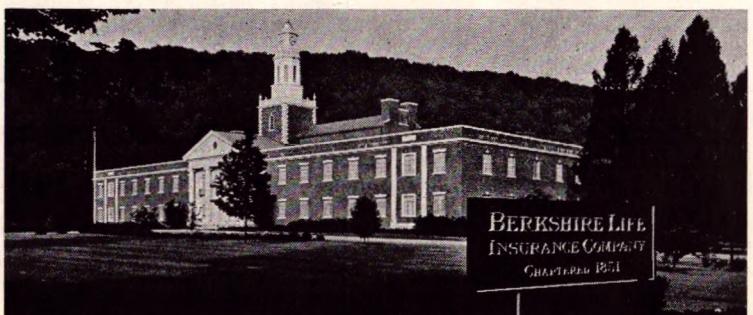
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MARCH 1968



Sue Connors

"Oh, Weep for Those"

Oh! Weep for those that wept over report
cards,

Whose hopes are desolate, whose courses
are hard;

Weep for the marks of math and history;

Mourn—where their brains hath dwelt is
quite a mystery.

And where shall the student hide his
shameful head?

And when shall parents' words cease to
be said?

And tests and quizzes once more begin,

And grades that fell before only fall
again.

Crowds of these baffled pupils and weary
minds,

How ye shall flee this school for places
more kind!

While the student hath homework, the
teacher hath rest,

Oh, miracles occur—P.H.S. ban the test!

By Lucia Malec, '68

A WORLD FAR DIFFERENT FROM OURS

By Karen Downey, '68

RAJI SHAN runs cautiously from stall to empty stall. It is yet too early for the market to open; the sun has not raised its head over the Forest of Jehan. The streets of Agra are desolate; Raji must be swift. His venture must be completed before the seventh bell of the Pearl Mosque chimes.

Raji scurries with water dripping from the buckets. His master will pay well for clean washing water from the well of Khan. The few pennies which Raji will receive for his task will be a welcome sight. Raji's family is starving—his mother is old before her time and his sisters and brothers are cold and naked. Raji has come to Agra this morning, as he does every morning, to earn a few pennies to support his needy family. The earth has failed them and so has the State; he must not.

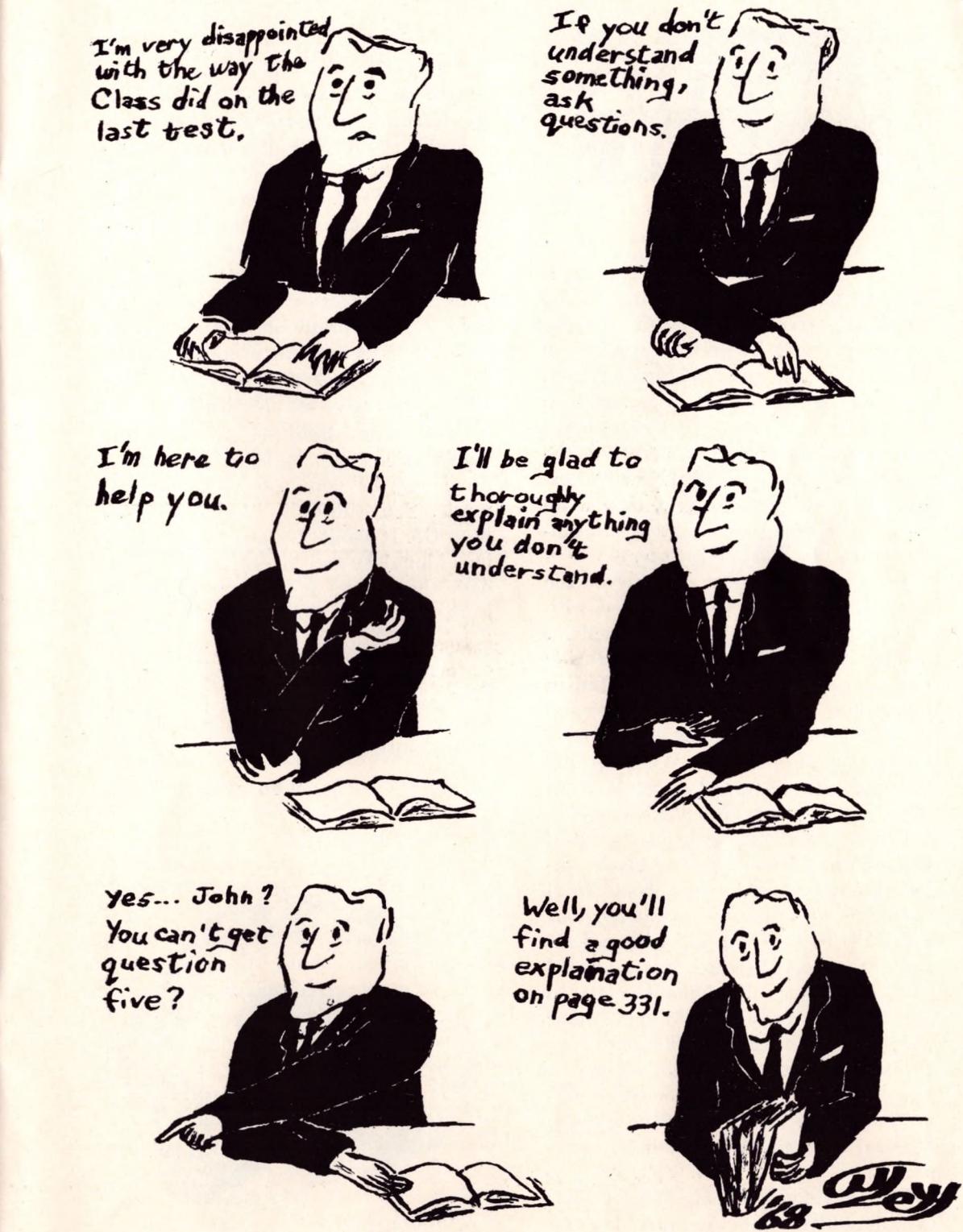
A mystical Tabla is beating out the "Song From the Hills" as our meager lad hurries past the Temple of Mummasi. This melody Raji remembers from the good years of his childhood in the Kangra hills of the Punjab. A monk with bald head and bare feet is ascending the steps of the Temple. His passive nature is not disturbed by our servant of the night.

The pain of the splintering yoke is unbearable on his bare, bony shoulders. Rough, calloused feet pat the dry stone street in rhythm with the distant Tabla. Fiery eyes burn with determination—only a few steps more . . .

Is the suffering worth the reward? Raji feels the "Song From the Hills" resounding in every stride of his existence.

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the arts column

RAVI SHANKAR

And so it was. Five years ago, people thought his music sounded like a sick cat. Five years ago, they called his sound an ethnic sound. Then, George Harrison named him his personal mentor, and he found himself to be the universal guru of the underground cult. Harrison's conversion has given him access to the American pop music scene. Now his performances are packed. Now, they write term papers about him and talk of his influence on our Western culture.

He is Ravi Shankar, master of the sitar. Recently, he was presented with a citation from the Indian Council for distinguished achievement in advancing and creating American interest in Indian music and culture. He has just completed the music for a British television production of "Alice in Wonderland." Generally, he has turned on the Western world as no Eastern musician before him.

Unlike Dylan, his music does not deal with the problems of society or the unjust treatment of our young people. Ravi Shankar's music was nurtured in religious soil. It is basically melodic, but micro-tones are used to heighten the emotional effect of the Raga. Ravi Shankar tries to give as much as possible to make other people aware of feelings, which are very clean and spiritual. Through his music, he seeks to communicate a sense of spiritual goodness which is free from all ego, physical desires and materialistic pleasures.

Ravi Shankar, his hair in neat curls over his collar, wears the expression of a

man who has patiently endured all the adulation our society can bestow. Seated on an Indian carpet, surrounded by burning incense, Ravi Shankar weaves a relaxing hush over the audience. Ravi Shankar doesn't even play rock n' roll. He merely tries to communicate his message to the world: that if one follows the godly path during life, he will be rewarded with a feeling of deep personal satisfaction and humility, devoid of all worldly desires and evils. From the legions of his teeniebopper admirers, he has evoked *respect*—something they seldom have for their idols.

Of his music Ravi Shankar says: Indian music cannot be listened to in the same way as you hear rock and roll music. You cannot do Yea Yea or Go Man Go. It should be heard with a feeling of humility and concentration. If one does that, there is really a lot to be learned from our music.

If one listens to his music with only one ear, he will find the zany sound of the sitar very annoying. But if it is heard with an open mind, he will find himself greatly enriched.

By Paul Rilla, '68



Paul Decelles

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

I'll wager that there exists no one in this world who has not wished at one time or another to push aside all this modern rat-race business with its dirty little wars and lack of any kind of glory or reward for living. As children we turned to fairy tales that widened our eyes with glowing accounts of princesses, witches, princes, gnomes, dragons and the like. Obviously J.R.R. Tolkien recognized our need to escape reality—or perhaps to experience a completely different kind of reality—and answered this need by writing the fantasy trilogy *The Lord of the Rings*. *The Fellowship of the Ring* begins the epic tale, which is continued in *The Two Towers* and brought to a climax of truly heroic proportions in *The Return of the King*. Through this fantastic tale we are introduced to the Hobbits, little folks whose mannerisms are disarmingly like those of humans. We journey in the company of Elves and Dwarves, battle beside noble Men against fearsome Orcs, flee from the weirdly frightening Black Riders and the swift, evil Nazgul. Through the many, often beautiful, lands wander all manner of wondrous people and creatures; in Tolkien's worlds wisdom, beauty, chivalry, and terror blend to form a wonderful, harmonious whole. There, wars are majestic conflicts, fought bravely for a noble cause. And in traveling through these lands, we discover a completely new realm of grand, colorful, elevated style and strangely evocative poetry (I say "strangely" because some verses, although printed in phonetic spelling of the Elvish tongue, are every bit as beautiful as those in English).

A work as great as *The Lord of the Rings* can, I believe, only be described by superlatives, but it seems that I've used more than my share of them here. So let it suffice for me to tell you that the

trilogy is the most majestic work that I've ever read. Let me also suggest that you read *The Lord of the Rings* if the world seems to be almost too petty. A dose of majesty, Tolkien-style, might be just what you need. For that matter, it might be just what the whole world needs.

Jane Salata, '68



Paul Decelles

The Poet's World

Music
Streaming through his ears
Pictures
Flashing through his mind
Colors
Flying through the sky
Dreams
All clear and gay
or tragic—to the poet.

A poet sees both light and dark,
Feels the joy and pain,
Smells the earth, the air,
Tastes all sweet and sour.
The poet hears the sounds of life;
The poet loves its gifts;
The poet lives his life in full;
The poet owns the world.

By Laura Leon, '69

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You Are Gone
 You are gone
 And with you the brightness of my life.
 Why did He take you?
 Was His need greater than mine?
 Who can answer me?
 When death knocks, one must heed him.
 But why did you?
 I loved you so much
 But you are gone—And I am here.
 I have no one to love or look up to.
 Yes, there are those you loved that you
 left behind,
 But you were my heart. I must be con-
 tent with what you left.

Memories . . .
 Do you remember them?
 How you used to smile at me
 And hold me when I was lonely?
 I can still see you sitting in your chair
 With your wizened smile and your tired
 face.
 I can remember when I used to sit with
 you
 And look into your eyes
 And think . . . Oh, I love you so much
 And I am so proud that you are my
 father
 And I am your daughter.
 But the years grow longer and memories
 sometimes fade.
 If I had one wish it would be to tell you
 That I miss you very much
 And that I love you Daddy—I love you
 very much.
 Now I am sixteen and you have been
 gone for three years.
 Does it seem like a long time to you?
 I wish that I could see you.
 I know that you can see me.
 Do you like what you see, Dad?
 I hope that you are as proud of me as I
 am of you.
 I must go now, but I will write again
 And hope that someday I will be able
 To give you my letters.

With all my love . . .

THE VICTOR

By Brenna Louzin, '68

I, SAMANTHA FLUNKS, am writing this from my disinfected cell in the Womens' Division of the Juvenile House of Correction at seven Plain Street. The town's name is not important; call it what you will. Pleasant, you think. Well, dearie, the cuisine is strictly institutional and my fellow guests are most despicable. To get a better impression of my surroundings, visualize the movie "Snake Pit." Perhaps this is an exaggeration, but I am not accustomed to such wretched treatment. No, Number 59997 was not always this way. But I was a failure. And that is where my story begins.

I arrived on a day when the wind was screaming. Within that scream there came two others—my mother's and mine. As I uttered my first cry, Mama uttered her last. Since then, I have been striving for first place. Racing for ambition's sake can develop jealousy, and time did not heal, but deepened that wound.

Father was nice. He was quiet and conscientious, yet callous to the sensitivity of a girl. Oh, he provided the necessities of food, clothing, and shelter. But working was his life—yes, the Eternal Office. When I asked Father if he could be home more, he frowned and replied: "Samantha Flunks, if I didn't go to the office as much as I do, you wouldn't be sitting there dressed in that new jumper! You must get some of my drive into you, girl!" Then I'd say "I know" and stare at him awhile. If he only knew . . . Next, Father (I never called him Daddy) would return to the evening paper and casually proceed to fall asleep. I would tuck myself into bed. He would awaken around two A. M. and quietly sneak up-

stairs, but I usually heard him. It was always the same. That was long ago.

We Flunks lived in a conservative little home in a conservative little lane. I characterized this environment as nauseatingly *typical*. Anyway, Father's and my world was one rotten rut. Machine-like, Father awoke to an alarm, left the cereal, milk and tableware on the kitchen table for me, and hurried off to work by seven-thirty. Dressing was a methodical task for me. The night before, everything was laid out: underclothes, dress, stockings, shoes, books. And this schedule continued on and on. Strangely, it was this that kept me going, kept my world moving, like the tides. But then, I had never seen the tides. Father had no time.

In school I was happy unless my grades were poor. Whetting my appetite for learning was the internal voice; "best" was the only adjective that I would settle for. Clothed in plaid pinafores, shod in terrible brown oxfords, bespectacled, I marched to school. Here I found companionship in learning. Everyone stared at me at recess. I was poor in athletics (dodge-ball was frightening); I was sensitive and plain. So, with a book and a graham cracker, I would huddle in a corner by the fence. Now don't think me odd, because I did try to make friends. Friends were easy to make, but difficult to keep. If one is rather embryonic socially, as I was, it is painful when girl friends ask to visit one, to see one's home, one's dolls, one's mother. Those early years were cruel and crucial for me. I had no mother, and only a Raggedy Ann and a baby doll whose eyelashes had fallen off. Father was always tired; the house was neat but not clean, although I tried to dust every day. But my friends were not impressed. Bright, beautiful Joanna

Simms led them away. My shell gradually built up and grew to be so thick that not a grain of friendship entered to form a pearl of personality.

Grade school and its cliques matured into junior high school "in-crowds". Although I worked hard, I was still not good enough. I was not granted permission to enter the honors program. How I had tried to raise my mathematics grade to a B! But it was impossible. Homework problems were returned erased, black-marked, tear-stained. My teacher pronounced me a good student, but too shy. But Joanna Simms was a pupil in all four accelerated courses. She earned a complete set of A's. So did I, with the exception of Math, in which my grade was B-minus. And her grades made mine second-rate, since mine represented mere common courses.

Every spare hour was devoured by homework. My drive quickened. My face pimpled. When Father heard about school functions, he urged me to attend. That was an education too, he said. Once in a while I'd attempt it. Do you know the sinking feeling of a girl with glasses and a blemished face as she walks unescorted into a dance? A safe corner with one chair always seemed to be waiting for me. Joanna Simms needed no chair in a corner. She had a boyfriend. And oh, to watch her perform all of the newest dances! Even through the wildest ones her perfect platinum tresses slept, her sienna silk did not wrinkle. Leaving early, I found, solved nothing. And the remainder of the week-ends were filled with studying. Joanna needed only to spend one hour on studying. She had a marvelous memory and was a speed reader. Father told me that the only difference between Joanna Simms and me was that she possessed self-confidence and I did not. In that lay truth.

High school came. I lost my pimples and read avidly each summer, but each year grew more painful. Envy seethed within me now. There was always one subject to keep me from the honor roll. For this I could not blame Joanna Simms. But there was always one girl who kept me from gaining the attentions of a certain boy; her college boards surpassed mine, her figure was better than mine, her poise was constantly exhibited. She was the Joanna Simms!

I dieted. I tried to overcome my shyness. I studied more assiduously, saved for quality clothes, and reviewed for my second college boards. There was not much more to be done. I could not and *would not fail!*

Accepted by Smith College on the seventh of December, Joanna faced no more battles. To Joanna Simms, all foes were dead. By April fifth I had heard from only two of the colleges to which I had applied. Those had been rejections. Father became the butt of all my frustrations. The sing-song "I must not fail" refused to leave my brain. But the treadmill was leading downward . . .

On April twelfth I received letters of acceptance from two mediocre western colleges—geographical reasons, I guess. Father reminded me to be glad that I got in somewhere, but his consolations did not comfort me. I finally decided on the cheaper school. Father's relief was obvious.

Graduation practice began, our finals were over, and our books were in school bookrooms once more. I stood by myself watching the happily chatting groups. I was not happy. I had been seated next to a popular boy because of some idiotic alphabetical plan. It was excruciating.

On the last day of graduation practice, I concealed Father's forty-five pistol under my too-big purple robe. Joanna

Simms was standing prettily under the elm trees, surrounded by her admirers, her back to me. I fired. She slumped quickly, unattractively to the ground. Blood stained her magenta gown and the colors clashed. Running would have been cowardly. I was not a coward. The principal seized me and brought me inside. There were no words spoken. I had caused havoc among the entire student body! Was that a feat?

"Joanna Simms, brilliant and lovely student at Prince High School, died of gunshot wounds suffered yesterday at the hands of Samantha Beth Flunks, a classmate," read the afternoon papers. I have no remorse. Father had a nervous breakdown (as I could have predicted) and was taken to the State Sanitarium. I am here in jail, but I am no criminal.

It was justice, perhaps poetic justice. And I have won over Miss Joanna Simms. To the victor go the spoils; in this case it is life. My weakness is no more. The fire of my ambition has been extinguished at last. You can sleep well now, Mama. Your little girl is strong . . .

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SCHOOL NOTES

Since last June when the Student Council received the charter for our Longfellow Chapter of the National Honor Society, the organization of this group has been somewhat lost in the confusion. The problems of creating such a society in so large a school as Pittsfield High are many, and the teachers who have been working on this certainly deserve thanks from the student body. The students themselves have reacted in a variety of ways to the society itself and the acceptance standards proposed. Tentatively only Juniors and Seniors with Honor Roll marks will be asked to become members. This is a very small percentage of these classes, but the idea of the National Honor Society is to recognize exceptional students. It would perhaps also serve as a worthwhile goal to prompt other students to achieve such excellent grades.

The following opinions have been expressed on the subject by several students. Their ideas seem to reflect the feelings of many students and it is hoped that, with the half year marks now complete, the Longfellow Chapter will soon become a reality.

Judi Lazerus: I think it might be a good idea. The students who maintain high averages should have some kind of recognition besides that of our Honor Roll.

Barbara Huban: I believe that we should definitely have a National Honor Society because it is a real challenge, and all those who are willing to work hard should have a chance to achieve this.

Joan Germanowski: I think that the proposed standards for obtaining a membership in the National Honors Society are reasonable. The National Honor Society is essentially an organization for students who are basically honors material, and by keeping high standards it will insure that it will only contain that select group. It will also be a more coveted position and serve as a goal for borderline students.

Karen Lahey: The honor society is a good idea, but I think a lot of interest was lost in it because it was so long in organizing.

Michael Kurjan: A person in Honors or taking level I courses should be credited with more points than a person with level II. The present Honor Society system does not seem very fair to me and it should be changed.

Kathy Connor: Rather than require a grade, the Society ought to require a numerical average. This would enable a fairer percentage of the student body to be eligible.

Roger Hartwell: The introduction of the National Honor Society is another step toward the betterment of Pittsfield High. I think that the restrictions tend to make the National Honor Society a real prize to be fought for. Keep the "Honor" in the National Honor Society. Be selective.

Roger Nilan: The National Honor Society, unlike most organizations *should* be extremely selective in its membership. Only those students who meet and maintain the rigid requirements should be considered for induction.

MARCH 1968

ATTENTION LONELY HEARTS!

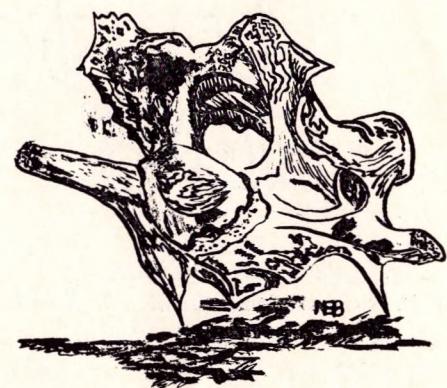
By James Fulginiti, '68

FOR THOSE of you who know that the school or the city (and for that fact, the world) is operated by a god-chosen few, fear not. A club has recently been organized by people who prescribe to a combination of medical ingredients. It is for all you lonely souls who aren't allowed to get involved, for that group who consider themselves to be social-outcasts. Anyone can join—even if you have wrinkled toe nails. UNFAIR is the name of the game (standing for Unqualified Nuts For Absolutely Intolerable Rationalizing).

UNFAIR was formed especially for ALL the people of the world, except for maybe the approximate hundred who run everything. Its foundations are based upon the common knowledge that unless you were born with a golden ladle in your mouth (hoes and rakes included), you will be bupkis for the duration of your life. Regardless of how strenuously you exert yourself, you will remain in your snug little hovel for eternity.

The average member of UNFAIR has this outlook: I'm nothing in this school (substitute "city", "state", or "cemetery plot" as the case may be). No matter how hard I try to get elected to an office or on a committee, I will always fail. The Group does everything. Since I'm not in the Group, I'm ZILCH FOREVER (soon to be recorded by the Third Dementedness).

Of course for a member of UNFAIR to actually run for an office is forbidden by By-Law 26. However, once in a great while, a member will throw heed to the hurricanes and attempt to be elected. But inevitably he loses because the 5% minority Group won't have him. Strange



as it may seem, even the 95% majority UNFAIR members won't have him.

And when the opportunity comes for anyone, regardless of length of eyelashes, to sign-up for a committee, an UNFAIR member will not be caught dead, alive or otherwise within a 251 millimeter apothem of the sign-up area. Why should he? He won't get the position anyway. All of the Group will get the hundred or so positions—naturally.

Granted that UNFAIR members can air no opinions to the student body by means of letters and such. However, with such a vast membership, it seems odd that they can't somehow make their views known. (Send your letters of complaint to "Dear Topo" at 120 Elm Street.)

So UNFAIR members, just remember that there is security in numbers. With numbers like yours, you must be as cozy as a boll weevil in a cotton ball.

James Jewelers

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ALUMNI NEWS

Mr. Anthony D. Tagliente, a graduate of P.H.S., is a prominent Pittsfield lawyer and a World War II veteran.

I wonder if you knew that I was also a writer for *The Student's Pen* in 1941-1942. I enjoyed covering the Pittsfield High sporting events and served as Sports Editor in those years. This gave us very valuable experience, and was at the same time a great deal of fun.

Your readers may be interested to know a little about the opportunities in the legal profession in Berkshire County. First of all, the fact that the qualifications are high for admission to the bar, or that there are already too many lawyers should not be a discouraging factor. There are always opportunities in this field for ambitious young people. The law is a jealous mistress, but hard work will carry anyone to a high degree of professional success.

In a smaller community it usually becomes necessary for a lawyer to acquire skill and knowledge in most branches of the law, and hence to engage in the general practice. This means continuing application on his part in an effort to keep abreast of changes in the law and in new trends in the law. In other words, continuing education.

I have found certain fields of the law most interesting and rewarding such as Workmen's Compensation, automobile negligence, real estate conveyancing and the practice before the Probate Court.

Anthony D. Tagliente

Mrs. Wendell S. Fielding, a graduate of Pittsfield High, is the joint public relations director of St. Luke's and Pittsfield General.

I have an immense admiration for high school students who have what we used to call "direction." These are the students who edit *The Pen*, who lead the Science Club, who govern their class, who manage the team, who take an active part in school activities of many types.

This, even if they don't realize it, is the first step to a satisfying career, and a full life. I believe I can predict this as a "one track" person who has pursued a career along a single tangent.

It all started in my Pittsfield High School days when I went up through the ranks of *The Student's Pen* staff to spend an exciting year as editor-in-chief, under the inspired leadership of Miss Madeline Pfeiffer, then head of the Pittsfield High English department.

The satisfactions of writing for *The Pen* led to a career in journalism, following graduation from Boston University's School of Journalism. Then came staff positions on *The Eagle*, *Yankee Magazine*, and several jobs in public relations.

Like many women, I took a number of years of sabbatical leave from my work to keep house and raise a family. Now with children grown, I am back at my profession with a job as public relations director of the new Berkshire Medical Center, an interesting new institution combining two local hospitals, St. Luke's and Pittsfield General.

I realize that today's young people face many more choices and pressures than we did during our high school years. Yet some of our experiences apply today, to you, too. I would suggest:

*Pursue meaningful activities in high school, which may help to direct you

toward your college course, or your life-time work.

*Obtain the most complete education that you can absorb—whether it be in the armed forces, business school, nursing or technical school, a two-year or four-year college, or graduate school.

*Put your education to life-time use in the service of your family, your community, your government, because education has complete meaning only when it is fully used.

And I add a footnote for the girls: You may have to take some sabbatical years when you are raising a family, but this doesn't mean that you should sidetrack your education and professional capabilities forever. I believe that you should return to your work, when you can, and use your talents to the fullest. You will be a more interesting person and a better citizen if your world is as broad and exciting as this experience can make it.

Vera (Victoreen) Fielding
(MRS. WENDELL S.)

Mrs. Madeline Cantarella Culpo, a 1951 graduate of P.H.S., is now the owner and director of the Cantarella School of Dance.

It is my pleasure to be asked to share with you some of my experiences since student days at P.H.S. Upon graduation, I entered into the newly-inaugurated dance department of Juilliard School of Music. The next few years were spent completely absorbed in the study of dance and its related subjects. At first the change from a program stressing academics to one which depended almost entirely on the student's capacity for physical work and his ability to grow in the creative sense, was a difficult one. I must

admit that at the time of my college education, I was not mature enough to realize the full value of the opportunity I had been given. But, I think this is so true of many of us. During summer vacations I danced in stock musicals, which not only earned money for the next college year, but enabled me to work with other young professionals.

Marriage, children and a performing career in theatre dance are not easily combined; therefore, it seemed most natural for me to use my education in teaching.

The Cantarella School began with a small number of students and today is well established. But only through hard work, dedication and continual striving can one be successful in his profession.

Within my ballet school I have been able to introduce young children to the aesthetics of the dance through an understanding of its technique, and in so doing remain in contact with my profession.

The responsibility involved in teaching ballet is a serious one. Although most young people who dance do so only for grace, poise and physical well being, much harm can be done if they are improperly trained. With this awareness, I find it necessary to continually study and improve upon my own knowledge.

In conclusion, may I encourage you to develop your talents, and to give of them willingly, for it is truly rewarding to make a personal contribution to our society.

Madeline Cantarella Culpo

Mr. Blowe: Did you hear what happened to Willy?

Pat R.: No, what happened?

Mr. Blowe: Well, Willie was a chemist, he is a chemist no more, for what he thought was H₂O was H₂SO₄.

FEATURES

Casey's Column

Once again, I, the great Sean O'Casey, am back to relate the *many* happenings that go on seemingly unnoticed. Alas, poor friends, nothing can get by my scheming and crafty ways. Nancy Curley promises not to go to another hockey game until she finds out who put the garbage can under the front wheel of her car . . . Pete Nikitas really found a winning excuse this time—but, really Pete, Christmas presents in January? . . . the Lenox By-Pass seems to be the place to go when there's nothing else to do, right, David Genest? . . . Patty Roberts can be seen cheering in English class . . . it seems that Pat Phelps likes "clowning" around up at Jiminy Peak . . . David, we know it's a long ride from Bags' house to Crane Ave., but isn't forty-five minutes a little *too* long? . . . Bob Z., don't you believe in wearing the same color shoelaces? . . . Roger Nilan, is there a chance that your absence at our games can be accounted for by the St. Joe games where your eyes never get past the cheerleaders? . . . Larry Daoust has taken a turn for the worse . . . Ricky Russo, when will you *ever* stop asking the boys if they're going out Saturday night? They probably already have their dates, anyway . . . Don D., do you still like Blackberry brandy? . . . you and Tommy E. had quite a Saturday at Bousquets, didn't you Kay O'Brien? . . . I wonder how Jeff Cadorette's "good" friend campaign is coming along. It seems to be a big success . . . Kay and Barb, are THEY really worth all of those arguments? . . . Mary Beth O'Brien, where were you chasing those boys? . . . Susan R., do you have to be confusing? . . . is Val Zack

dropping her football player from Adams for a guy in her geometry class? . . . hey, Karen Keehne, what really happened when you started using *Ultra-Brite*? . . . Pam Boxer and Dave Grover, what are those fights in Latin about? . . . soon the daily bulletin will publish the number of varsity cheerleaders we have left until they all quit! . . . Mickey Lefkowitz seems to be quite interested in the senior girls . . . Gale and Janice, should Mary be scared everytime *Casey's Column* becomes public property? . . . Jim MacDonald, do you *really* think that you'll get a ride from LeRoi Drive at 12:00 p.m. in the middle of a snowstorm? . . .

And just a bit of advice: those who bribe usually have something to hide, and are, therefore, under my eye more closely than ever. So, DON'T try any tricks!!

Sean O'Casey

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MARCH 1968

A Day In The Life (with Shakespeare)

"Methought I heard a voice cry 'sleep no more!'—"waking for school
"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day"—Monday, 7:45 A. M.
"A very ancient and fish-like smell."—*the lockers*
"The excuse that thou dost make in this delay is longer than the tale thou dost excuse."—*Homeroom*
"The labor we delight in physics pain."—*Physics*
"What light through yonder window breaks?"—*Third Period (AM)*
"Double, double, toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble."—*Chemistry*
"Eye of newt, and toe of frog, wool of bat, and tongue of dog."—*Biology*
"Hover through the fog and filthy air"—*Teacher's Room*
"Crabbed age and youth cannot live together."—*a voice in the smoke of the Teacher's Room*
"Confusion now hath made his masterpiece."—*the office*
"O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful and after that out of all whooping."—*a visit by the principal*
"If Ladies be but young and fair, they have the gift to know it."—*the Cadettes practising*
"O my offense is rank, it smells to Heaven."—*Thoughts in Detention*
"Shut up"—*Homeroom, Sophomores*
"Let me have about me men who are fat."—*Gym*
"Cry 'Havoc' and let slip the dogs of war."—*Study*
"The deep of night is crept upon our talk."—*Fifth Period (PM)*
"Our Revels are now ended."—*End of day*

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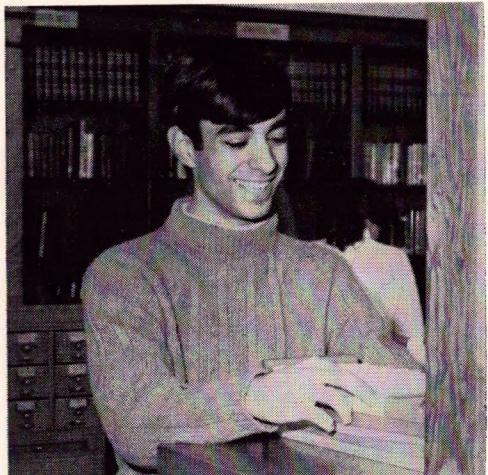
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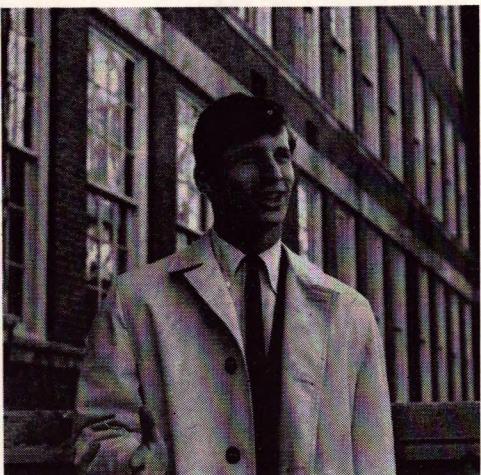
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JIMMY FULGINITI



NORM SOSIN

One of the most well-known and personable boys of the senior class is Norm Sosin. Active in most everything, Norm is best known as the enthusiastic president of the Pep Club. Due to his leadership, our rallies have been more spirited than those of other years. In addition to this job, Norm is a member of the Student Council and is one of the fine swimmers of our outstanding swim team. Outside of school, he haunts the Y.M.C.A., being one of their famous Junior Leaders.

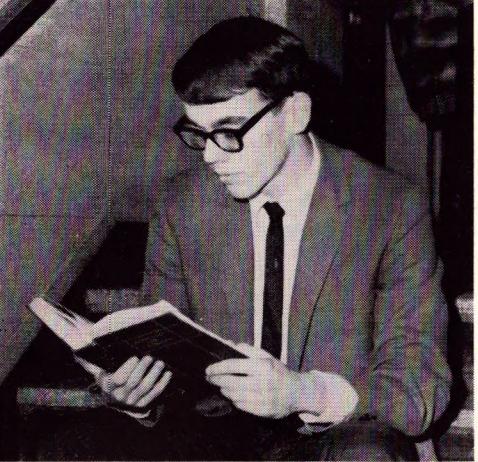
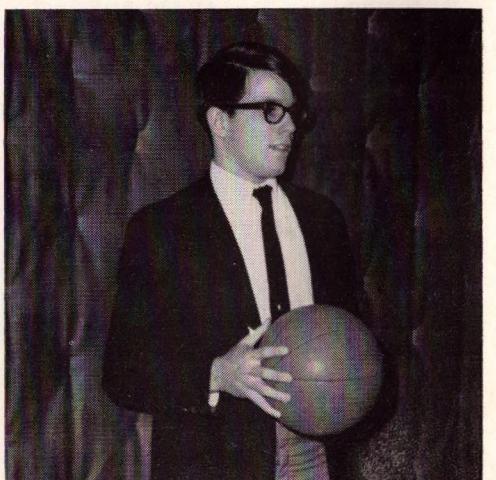
Norm plans to major in physical education in college and then "take it from there."

Jimmy Fulginiti, the essay editor of *The Student's Pen*, is also the associate editor of organizations for the *Dome*. These duties, plus enrollment in all college-prep courses, with A.P. English, seem enough to fill up his time. Jimmy still finds time for music, in which field he is very talented. He has been president of the band for two years, as well as being a member of the orchestra and the Madrigals, a singing group well-known at the high school. As bassoonist in the all-county and all-district bands, Jimmy is a very able representative of P.H.S. He has already been accepted at Ithaca College.

Who's Who

BOB KERWOOD

"They can shoot, they can pass . . ." and they're led by Bob Kerwood, co-captain of the 1968 basketball squad. Bob, who maintains good marks while taking A.P. physics and math, is also a member of the Senior Class Council. Bob hopes to further his education at Tufts University where he plans to major in engineering. We wish much luck to our basketball captain in the future and also on the court!



MICHAEL MOUGIN

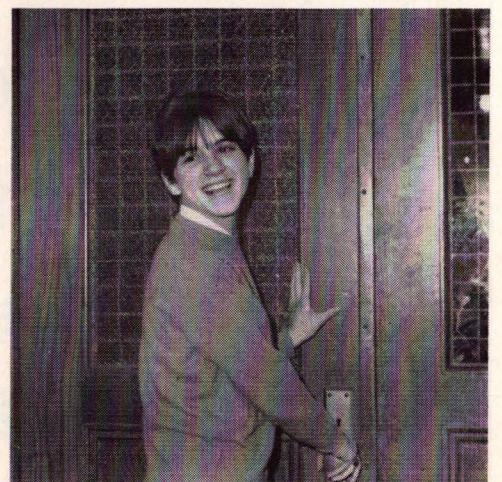
As this year's co-captain of our basketball team, Mike Mougin has displayed his skill and spirit on the court throughout the season. Not only has he played many excellent games, but he has also shown great drive and determination as co-captain to lead the team toward victory. As for the future, Mike hopes to attend B.C.C. where he will plan for a career as an accountant.



MARY BLAGDON

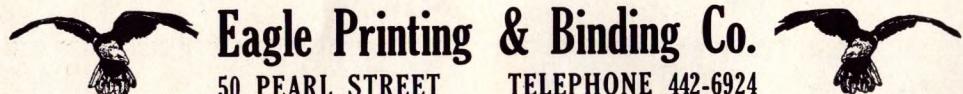
Another extremely active senior girl is Mary Blagdon. Her most time-consuming tasks are, of course, her duties as Editor-in-Chief of this magazine. That she should be so capable in the literary field is not surprising though, for, besides taking A.P. English, Mary has recently been chosen one of twelve Massachusetts finalists in the National Council of Teachers of English competition. This, coupled with her National Merit Letter of Commendation, should win her acceptance at her first choice college, Smith. As if she doesn't have enough to keep her busy, Mary works after school at the Public Library.

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SPORTS

Basketball

By Tom Sachetti, '69

Many people around town have been remarking about Pittsfield High's fighting basketball team of '68. In the words of Coach Moynihan, "This team has a lot of heart and has shown intestinal drive and desire. They have come up from behind on many occasions and have never given up. These are signs of a championship team, but unfortunately, not all champions win their league."

This year Coach Moynihan is using mostly seniors in the starting positions, because they proved to be stronger physically and had the most height for a comparatively short team. Naturally, the seniors had also logged the most experience hours and had improved the fastest. With the practice session, adapted for double sessions, it is very difficult to get a great deal of work and time from the sophomores. Due to the lack of height, the team resorted to several types of zoning defense in addition to their preferred combination defense, and as usual, they play offense according to the opponent's defense. The team's strength is in strong board work and improved shooting, while it is a little weak in defense. Of course, the lack of height and inexperience of the team are the main hindrances.

Coach Moynihan is trying to utilize as many sophomores and juniors as possible, so that next year's team will be more widely experienced. As mentioned earlier it is hard to get a lot of work out of the sophomores because of the double sessions. Therefore, most sophomores have had neither formal competition nor formal practice. A few things could be done to remedy this situation, and Mr. Moyni-

han is trying to encourage them. By promoting a junior high basketball team, ninth graders would have had formal coaching and formal competition even before they became sophomores. (This plan would be helpful even after we resumed normal sessions.) It would also be beneficial if a morning basketball program was planned for the sophomores.

Next year, the Western Mass. league will be difficult as usual, but Pittsfield High should be well in the pennant picture. A few of the "hopeful" underclassmen returning, Rick Russo, Leon Kelly, Rick Hover, and Kevin O'Donnell, should form a good nucleus for the '69 team.

The Twelve Mat Men

By Dave Williams, '69

One of the least known teams in the P.H.S. sports field is the Wrestling Team Headed this year by Coach George Sylvester and Captains Terry Bannick and Dan Scace, the wrestlers have already compiled a respectable league record and they show great promise for the upcoming Western Mass. Championships.

Other returning lettermen besides Captains Scace and Terry Bannick are Jay Aronstein, Joe Perkins, Steve Graves and John Perkins. All of these boys have done quite well in their matches so far this year.

Although the team has been hindered by a lack of experience, Coach Sylvester expresses great hopes for his team in both the Western Mass. and the State competitions. *The Student's Pen* wishes them the best of luck in both competitions.

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The Best of The Generals

By Tom Condron, '68

Although teamwork is the most important thing in competitive sports, there are some athletes who stand out above the rest. These are the headline makers, the so-called "all-stars" of a particular sport. At Pittsfield High we have many outstanding athletes. I have selected the three best players from each of the sports so far this year. Ability, talent, and sportsmanship have all combined to make these boys the tremendous athletes that they are. Hard work and excellent coaching have also played a major role in their success at P.H.S. Although there are many great sport standouts here at P.H.S., here are the *best* of the Generals:

Football—Paul Metallo, Dan Seace, Wayne Ciepiela.
Soccer—Terry Goodrich, Ned Dripps, Paul Augenstein.
Swimming—Greg Eason, Phil Glassanos, Dennis Ward.
Skiing—Jim Vandergrift, Ned Dripps, Terry Goodrich.
Wrestling—Dan Seace, Tony Parise, Steve Graves.
Hockey—Bob Fitzgerald, Gene Fitzgerald, Neil Eddy.
Basketball—Bob Kerwood, Leon Kelly, Jim MacDonald.

A Tribute To The Cadettes

By Richard Kennedy, '68

It may seem just a little strange that an article on the Cadettes should appear on the Boys' Sports page, but there is good reason. Who could appreciate these girls more than do the boys who have watched them perform during halftime all year? We would like to thank the Cadettes for the fine entertainment they supplied for the crowd while we took halftime breathers. No other group could

MARCH 1968

keep a P.H.S. crowd in their seats for an entire halftime. Other schools have expressed admiration for our Cadettes since we are the only school in Berkshire County to boast such a group.

The work these girls put into their performances is greatly underestimated by the majority of P.H.S. students; they work as hard as any of the varsity teams in the school. This effort is evident on the field whenever they perform.

The first P.H.S.-St. Joe game this season was the final appearance of the year for the Cadettes; for twenty-one of the girls it was the final appearance in their lives as Cadettes . . . These girls deserve special recognition: JEANNE BELFIELD, JOAN BOIVIN, MARY CARMODY, KATHY CONNOR, KAREN COY, CAROLYN FIELDS, SANDY HARRIS, JANICE HOSPOD, JEAN KOMUNIECKI, PAULA LOCONTE, CHERYL MANSCHIP, EILEEN McINERNEY, HELEN McKENNA, MARY BETH PHAIR, DARIA POLITIS, JUDY POWERS, SUSAN TERMOHLEN, ANN VAN BRAMER, DONNA WALSH, MARY JANE WALSH, and MINDY WEEKS. Thank you for two fine years of service; the best of luck in whatever you do.

G.A.A. Ski Night

The bus arrived at the high school and 40 girls fumbled on, clutching skis and poles. The bus came to a stop at Bousquet's and the girls rushed off with fantastic weather and great skiing to greet them. Homework forgotten, they took to the slopes.

Our Jiminy Peak girls mingled amazingly well and a couple even wanted to give Bousquet's ski school a few helpful tips.

Pittsfield High came through again and, while skiers blinked in disbelief, two of our own plowed down the slopes—on one pair of skis!

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The evening came to an end, and as the girls headed for the bus, many cries could be heard. "I've got a history term paper due tomorrow and I don't even know the topic!" But all agreed it was a great night.

Somehow, Bousquet's has survived and is now preparing for next year.

Linda Rapkowicz, 69

Girls' Basketball?!

By Jean Rocheleau, '68

During winter, in the field of sports, the main topic is basketball. Of course, when you think of basketball, you usually think of boys' basketball where co-ordination and much skill are required. However, where girls are concerned, anyone who can hold a ball, and throw it in the direction of the hoop becomes a full-fledged basketball player; anyone who can get a basket becomes a hero and the envy of the opposition's team. If a member of a team knows nothing about the technique, she can always ask Mrs. Roosa who tries her best to make us good basketball players. But, by the end of the game, she is so frustrated and confused by the results of each player that she can only say, "Maybe next time we'll go over the rules and regulations."

On the court, each player becomes marked as poor, good, or excellent. This is not as easy as it sounds. When the whistle blows, the court becomes a mass confusion of bodies sprawled everywhere, and the ball is nowhere to be seen. The ref calls the ball out of bounds, and the white take it out. In the next minute, about three jump balls, four foul shots, and two time-outs for resting are called. When half time comes, the coach, Mrs. Roosa, tries to tell us in a polite way how crummy we really are. But the red team got a basket, and no one can tell them that they can't play basketball! The second quarter is no better than the first.

This time, the teams are going to play ZONE! Shouts of glee are heard in the gym, along with "What's zone?" Now the fun begins: Everyone pretends to know what zone is but she shows her ignorance when all the players are down in one court while no one is in the other. When the final whistle is blown, twelve girls throw themselves to the floor gasping for breath; and no one can tell them that they couldn't beat the boys in a fine, organized game of basketball!

Reflections

By Carolyn Fields, '68

It is almost over; it seems unbelievable. I can still remember the afternoon the phone rang and I was told that I was a new Cadette. Me? How wonderful! How lucky!

Initiation was so solemn; it was sad for the seniors but thrilling for the sophomores. We each got our "big sister" and new friendships blossomed.

First practice was a big event. There was so much to learn that it seemed impossible, but with Miss Mac's guidance and our senior sisters' encouragement we were ready for our first game—our dream. I still remember the feeling of awe I felt as we marched out on the field; Wahconah Park seemed so immense. Before we knew it the routine was over! All our hours of practice were over in a few minutes, but we didn't mind—there were many more games to look forward to.

Junior year flew by. Rallies were a treat, and as soon as football season was over, we prepared for the routine for the PHS-St. Joe basketball game. Our trip to Boston was a great success, and soon after we returned we began to pick the sophomores who would take their places among us the next year.

Initiation was sadder this time. We received our "little sisters" but we had to

say goodbye to our "big sisters," some of the greatest people we'll ever know. Our consolation was looking forward to senior year and working with our Junior sisters.

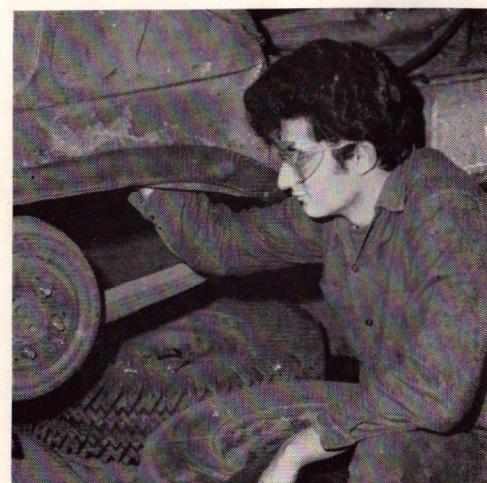
Our victorious football season of '68 added a lot to the fun of our routines. Miss Mac provided us with another set of ingenious routines, but the inevitable day of our last football game came and went. We still had one routine left—the P.H.S.-St. Joe basketball game—before we seniors would pass into the ranks of former Cadettes.

Our last game has come and gone. It is with a degree of disbelief that I look back over the past two years and realize that Cadettes is nearly over for us seniors. We still have our trip to Washington, D. C. to look forward to, but the saddest initiation of all looms ahead. Although it will be one of the saddest moments of my high school life, I am happy that this initiation will open the door to one of the most wonderful experiences that twenty-one sophomore girls could ever hope to realize.

Winter Wonderland of Hearts

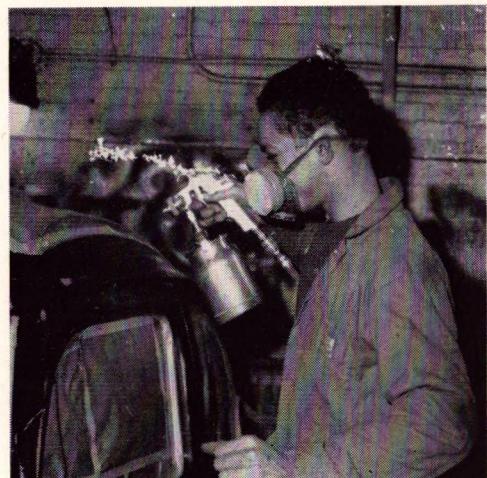
The members of the G.A.A. and their escorts whirled through the snowflaked night amidst hearts and snowy trees, which had been etched on the walls the previous evening by diligent decorators. Perhaps the colors of red and white were the same as usual but the atmosphere held something new. It may have been the excitement of a first G.A.A. for the sophomores, the latent sorrow of the seniors facing having to leave P.H.S. and the G.A.A. dance for the younger enthusiasts, whatever it was, it completed the already beautiful G.A.A. event.

As has been said of many dances before "It was the nicest ever," but we sincerely believe this to be true of the 1968 Valentine Dance, and we know everyone who attended will agree.

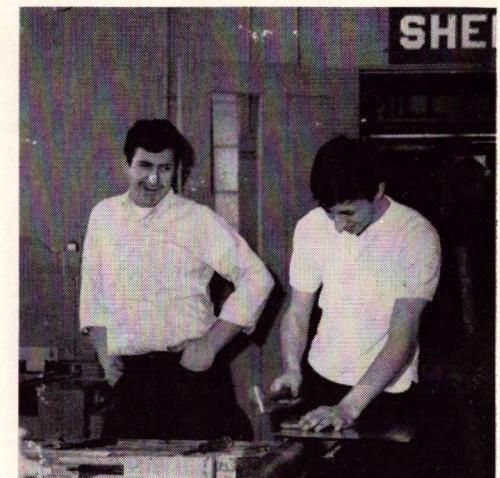


Vocational Shops

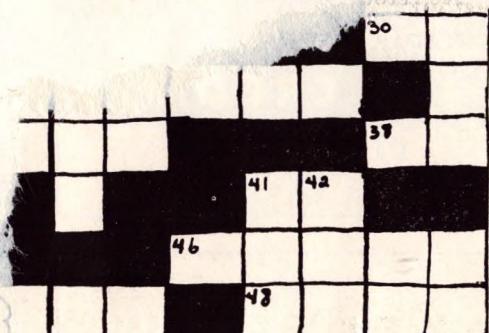
In continuation of the feature in our last issue, we are presenting the second three shops of our vocational unit: woodworking, sheet metal and auto body.



In these shops the boys learn the practical applications of today's technicalities. What good is a machine that operates for a year and then gives up, when there is no mechanic to repair it? This is the job of the auto body division—to turn out mechanics to repair our cars.



The woodworking and sheet metal departments are designed to acquaint the boys with the intricacies of constructing with various materials that are important in our world today.



oun, niece
water
niece
and
neither, nor
participle, de-

ing, future, to
ing, imperfect
, faire
ing, future, to

14. 3rd sing. present,
to break
15. adv., where, when
16. 3rd pl. future, to
lose
20. past participle, to
drink
22. adv., here, hither
24. noun, color, hue,
shade
26. conj., or
27. adv., no, not
28. fem. sing. form of
adi. old

A school that can boast only of its social studies and mathematics departments cannot really boast at all of having a well-rounded curriculum. We at PHS *can* boast—not only of having a liberal arts curriculum, but also of having a great vocational department as well.

LANGUAGES

La Mer

By Janice Hospod, '68

La nuit tombe.

Les étoiles au-dessus

Brillent sur l'eau-

Silencieuses et mystérieuses.

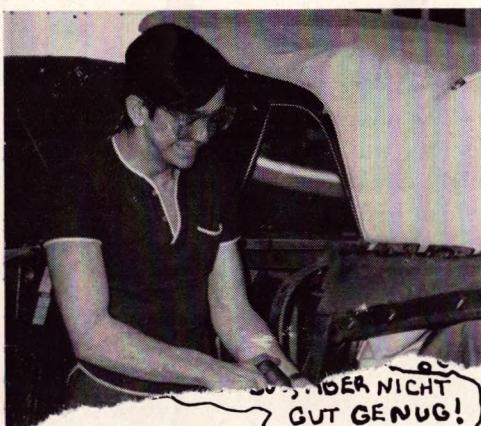
L'ourlet blanc du ressac

Roule doucement vers la plage,

Le ressac ourle efface un jour perdu.

La marée retourne

avec elle



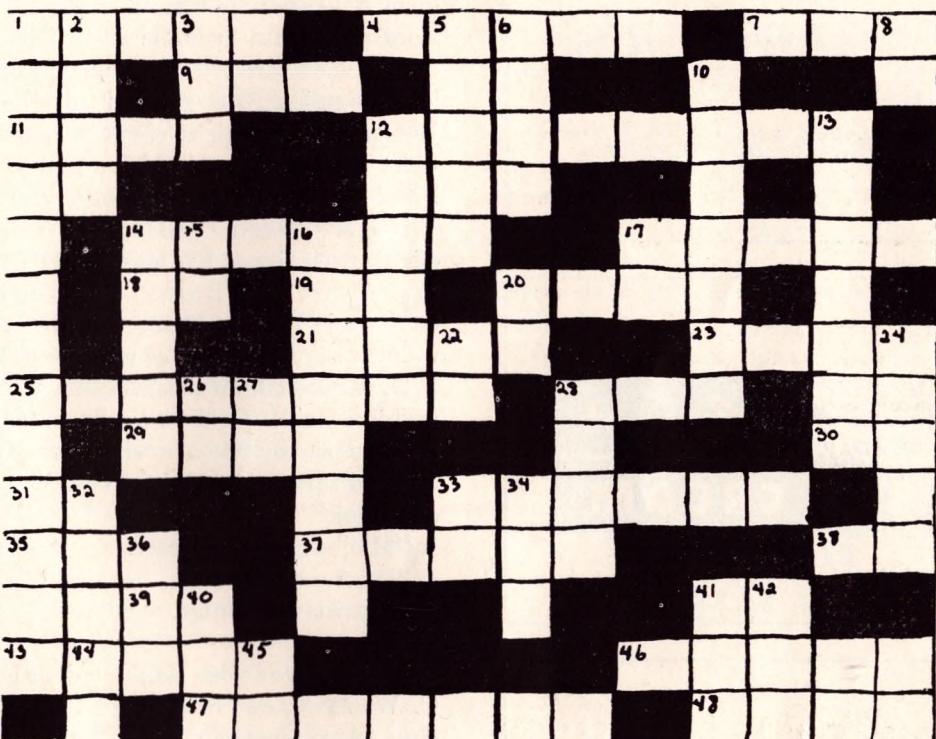
quelle sottise

le printemps arrive
se pavane et s'élance
sautille et danse
tout le temps en jetant
des fleurs sauvages au vent
quelle sottise!
puis le vent les jette
aux nuages betes
qui pleurent et pleurent
de petites larmes au lieu
de sourire ou rire
quelle sottise!
le printemps ne peut pas se moquer
de moi avec sa stupide gaiete

by judy quillard, '68

French Crossword Puzzle

By Al Duda, '68



ACROSS

- 1. verb, to have
- 4. 2nd pl. imperfect, to be
- 7. 1st sing. passe simple, to be
- 9. indirect object pronoun
- 11. adj., worse
- 13. 1st pl. imperfect, to take
- 14. to break, snap
- 17. preposition, before
- 18. adv., where, when
- 19. conj., and
- 20. masc. adj., silly, stupid
- 21. past participle, recevoir
- 23. noun, night
- 25. 3rd sing., future, to answer, reply
- 28. 3rd sing. present subj., to have
- 29. verb, to kill
- 30. past participle, rire
- 31. subject pronoun, he or it
- 33. pl. of noun, niece
- 35. noun, water
- 37. noun, niece
- 38. conj., and
- 39. conj., neither, nor
- 41. past participle, devoir
- 43. 3rd sing. future, to kill
- 46. 1st sing. imperfect subj., faire
- 47. bus
- 48. 3rd sing. future, to be
- 53. adv., here, hither
- 54. noun, color, hue, shade
- 56. conj., or
- 57. adv., no, not
- 58. fem. sing. form of adj., old
- 59. the (fem.)
- 60. past participle, to be born
- 61. adv., here
- 62. a (fem.)
- 63. 3rd sing. future, to go
- 64. sing. imperative, to say
- 65. past participle, to use (no accent)
- 66. a (masc.)
- 67. sing. form. m. of aux

DOWN

- 1. 3rd pl. conditional, to call
- 2. infinitive, to see
- 3. noun, island
- 5. noun, earth, land, ground
- 6. 2nd pl. future, to go
- 8. conj., if
- 10. adv., often
- 12. infinitive, to carry
- 13. noun, path, lane

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Ein Abenteuer der Bonnie und Clyde

By Robert Graham, '68

Es ist ein warmer Sommertag in einem kleinen Texas-Stadtchen. Ein 1932er Ford mit einem "rumble seat" hält vor der Bank an. Zwei Männer und ein Fraulein aussteigen. Sie gehen in die Bank. Der erste Mann zieht ein Maschinengewehr aus. Der zweite Mann und das Fraulein ziehen Pistolen aus.

Der erste sagt, "Guten Tag! Wir sind der Barrow Gang! Ich heisse Clyde Barrow, das ist mein Bruder, Buck, und sie ist Bonnie Parker. Hände hoch! Macht was ich sage, und keiner wird verletzt!"

Die Leute fahren zusammen, wie Buck und Bonnie das Geld weg nehmen. Clyde geht zu einem Farmer, sieht sein Geld an, und sagt ihm, "Gehört das dir oder der Bank?"

"Mir" sagt der Farmer.

"Du kannst es ruhig behalten!"

Der Alarm klingt. "Schnell!" sagt Clyde.

Sie rennen aus der Bank zu dem Ford. C. W. Moss, der Fahrer, gibt Gas, und das Auto fährt ab. Die Polizei folgt ihnen. Clyde und Buck lehnen zum Fenster hinaus und feuern ihre Gewehre. Sie überschreiten die Oklahoma Grenze. Einer der Polizisten sagt, "Ich setze nicht mein Leben aufs Spiel für Oklahoma!" Sie drehen sich um.

Später erzählt der Farmer den Reportern die Geschichte. Er sagt, "Sie haben bei mir recht getan; Ich werde Blumen zu ihrem Begräbnis schicken."

El Mundo de Obscuridad

Descende como una nube triste,
Y desdene el sol radioso
Mientras poniendo un mundo a reposar.

Sube en el medio de alba,
Y saluda otra vez la luz
Que se cae pronto al oeste.

By Patricia Hyde, '70

The Satire

Ezra Shapiro, '68

Cauldron

West Orange High School
West Orange, New Jersey

The young private landed with a loud crunch in a large shellhole. For several minutes he just lay there gasping for breath and watching the snow slither down in crazy, unreal spirals. I am safe now, he thought. A bomb never lands twice in the same place. So the soldier rested.

As the snow once again fell straight and his heart began to beat at a normal pace, he gingerly checked his body for broken bones. Relieved to find nothing wrong, the private pushed himself up to a sitting position, smiled, and daringly lit a cigarette. There was no one near enough to see either the fire or the smoke, he assumed.

And the rockets whirred quietly through the clouds overhead.

The young soldier stared at the curling smoke but saw instead the experiences of his past few days. He realized that he had seen only one thing at the front—death. Then the fact struck him that he was thinking quite calmly. I guess I'm war-hardened like the papers say, he thought. In appreciation of this great bit of humor, he blew a beautiful smoke ring for the snow to fall through. Maybe when it gets up high, he speculated, it will catch a shell.

Now his natural curiosity about the battle returned, and he poked his head up to see.

What entered his vision was far from pleasing. A small white object was whistling through the snow aimed exactly for him. But I'm immune to you, the surprised private thought. The projectile almost laughed as it smashed hard into the center of his face.

The war stormed on around the limp

body in the shell-hole. New lines were drawn up on maps. Positions changed. Drove of men killed and were killed. But the enemy was pushed far back, which was all that mattered. All night the private lay there.

The burial crew found the corpse at daybreak. Oddly, it was completely untouched except for a snowball plastered across its dumbfounded face.

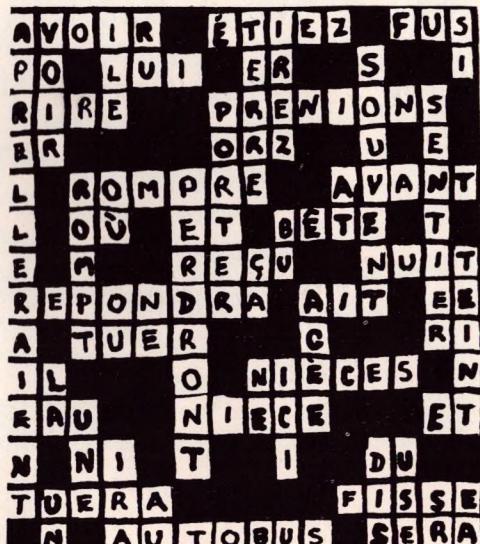
A tough old officer glanced at the dead boy and then squinted out at the distance, where the glow of fighting was still visible.

No one with him that morning understood why the captain suddenly took off his helmet, bowed low in the direction of the enemy positions, and laughed aloud.

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OAK ST OFF LINCOLN PITTSFIELD MASS.
OPEN MON - SAT 9:00 - 5:00
THURS. NOON - 9 P.M.

Open Monday through Saturday 9:30-5:30, Thursday 11 A. M.-9 P. M.

Since 1857

ENGLAND'S

Pittsfield, Mass.

Downtown Pittsfield, Berkshire County's largest shopping center.



DAISY ELEGANCE

Evenings have the gaiety of a field of flowers in this long embroidered point d'esprit daisy pattern. High jewel neck of double daisy trim cage. Silhouette with button back. Comes in white with assorted color accents. Jr. sizes 5 - 15, Misses sizes 6 - 16.

\$40⁰⁰

ENGLAND'S
DRESSES,
SECOND FLOOR

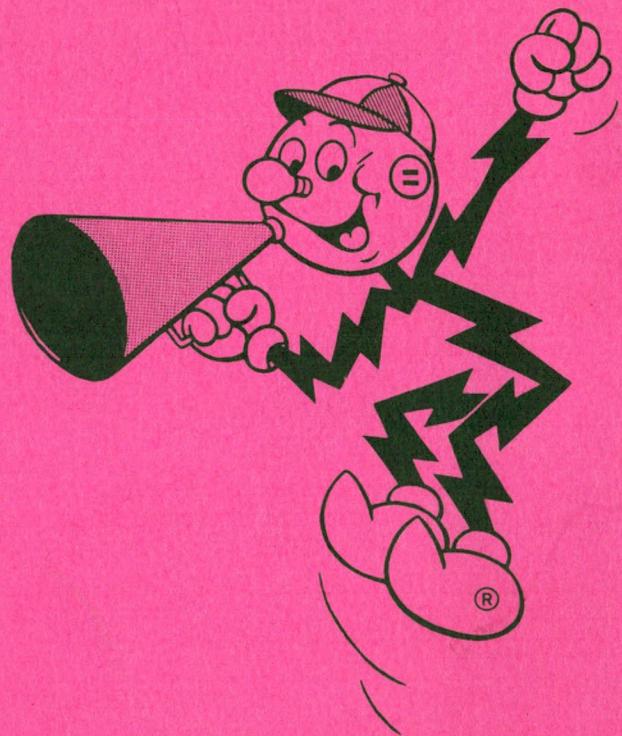


*Ad prepared by
Priscilla Demick*

*Yeah, Yeah,
YEAH!*

OUR
TEAM
IS . . .

ELEC-TRIFFIC!



Western Mass.
Electric Co.

part of the Northeast Utilities system